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V E R S E S

F E S T I V A L S

N O V E M B E R,

And Remarkable Days in the

Whiggish - Calender,

By Way of Remembrance to all Loyalists,
and Caution to all Turks, Infidels, Jews,
and other Dissenters.

By *Merlynnius Redivivus.*

THou Sun that shewest the Days, look down and see
A Month more shining by Events than thee:
Departed Saints and Souls, Sign'd it before,
But now the *Living* Sign it more.

A Bate



All Saints
All Saints

Bate us that Ushering Curse so dearly known,
And then the Moneth is all our own:

So at the first Darkness was thrown about,

*The 3d day,
The Assembly
of the un-
happy Parli-
ament.*

Rump.

The unshaven Earth and Light was thence struck out.
Draw the first Curtain, and the Scene is then,

A triple Stage of cull'd and trusted Men,

Men, in whose hands 'twas once to have given us more
Than our bold Fathers ever asked before.

Who had they used their Princes Grace, had got

What no Arms could, and theirs shall not

What more than Witchcraft did our Blessing curse,

And made the Cure make evils worse;

'Tis the third day, throw in the blackest Stone,

Mark it for curs'd, and let it stand alone,

But hold! I speak gentler things, this fourth was seen,

*The 4th day,
The Birth of
the Prince's
Mary.*

The softest Image of our Beauteous Queen:

Bring me a Lamb not used to Elder Food,

That hath as yet more Milk then Blood,

That to the Honour of this early Bride,

like *Thetis* joyned to *Peless* side:

Some tender thing may fall, though none can be,

So white so tender as is she,

Whilst we at home our little Turffe debate,

She spreads our Glories to another State.

*The 5th day,
delivery from
the Emperors
del. Treason.*

Next view a Treason of the worst intent,

Had not our own done more then others meant.

Religion is the thing both sides pretend,

But either to a different end;

They out of Zeal labour to rear their own,

These out of Zeal to pull all down:

Bless us from these as them; But yet compare

Those in the Vault, these in the Chair,

Though the just Lot of unsuccessful sin,

Fix their's without, you'll find worse heads within.

But heark! what Thunder's that, who those Men

Flying towards Heaven, but falling down agen?

Whose those black Corps cast on the guilty Shore,

'Tis sin that swim'd to it's own Door.

'Tis the third scourge of Rebels, which allow'd

Our Army like the Prophets Cloud;

Did from an handful rear, until at last

Their Skie was by it over-cast.

But as Snakes hiss after they have lost their Sting,

The Traytors called this Treachery in the King,

Away and view the Graces and the Hours,

Hovering aloof, and dropping mingled Flowers

Upon a Cradle where an Infant lay,

More Grace more Goddess then were they.

Thrice did they destine her to pass the Seas,

Love made her thrice to pass't with ease:

To raise a strength of Princes first, and then

To raise another strength of Men;

Most fruitful Queen, we boast both Gifts, and thus

The Day was meant to you, the Joy to us.

Next to this Mother stands a Virgin Queen,

Courting and Courted wheresoever seen.

The Peoples Love first from her Troubles grew,

Her Reign then made that Love her due :

That comely Order that did then Adorn,

Both Fabricks now by Factions Torn.

The 1st day
King Charles
was Crown'd at
Bramford.

The 6th day
The Birth of
our Gracious
Queen Mary
King Charles
the First his
Queen.

The 7th day
The begin-
ning of Queens
Elizabeths
Reign.

That

*The 9th day
The Birth of
our Gracious
King Charles
the First
that blessed
Martyr.*

That form by her allowed of *Common Prayer*,
Is stiled now, Vain beating of the Air:
How do they Honour, how forsake her Crown,
Her times are still cry'd up, but practis'd down.
Reach last the whitest Stone the World yet knew,
White as his Soul to whom the day is due;
Son of the Peaceful *James*, how is he blest
With all his Blessings, but his rest,
Though undeserv'd times call all his Powers,
And Troubles season other Hours,
Let this day Flow to him as void of care,
As Feasts to Gods and Poets are:
The which is just, O Heavens! All our strife
Hath added to his Glories, add ye to his life,
And now since his large heart with hers is met,
Whose day the Stars on purpose near his set.
November shall to me for ever shine,
Red in its Ink, Redder in its Wine;
And since the Third, who almost hath made shift
To absolve the Treason of the Fifth,
Cannot be well remembered or forgot,
By Loyal hearts as if 'twere not,
The last extrem against the first wee'll bring,
That gave us many Tyrants, this a King.

F I N I S.

Printed in the Year 1685.